THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS.

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A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics; Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXI. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 2, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1053.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

AMERICA.

A LAY OF THE HEART

BY HENRY A. HOEY.

America—My native land,
A hallowed nod is there—
From mountain cliff and sea bent strand
Is mighty freedom's shrine—
I love the name of thy dear shore,
The brightest there may be,
And that the fairest loved dispose
They're still the world to me:
I have the green trod spring-time and
That times each verdant dell,
For o'er it giant mists have fled
And shrowd the hollow's spell—
I love thy mountain's deep blue cliffs
Of progress with steady aim,
Where sweep the wild hymn of the winds
To glad the heart of man.

America—to folded lips
Of gods or kings are those,
Yet, still the glory of thy lands
In other years will shine:
No conquered climate, no orphan's tears,
Can stain thy coast with shame—
Her banished minstrels prate
To thee, the seed of fame
For Lexington and Bunker's hill,
And Erie's victor plain,
And Saratoga's blood bought plain,
Have loved our country's name—
No Tempes field of conquest these,
Nor throne of poet's lay,
But Concord, Princeton, Trenton speak
As our Thermopylæ.

The wild Atlantic's purple waves
O'er Plymouth's rock still bear,
For ether casts cites are there dear,
Her children's glances meet,
Yet, still the hearts within them dwell
For freedom so before,
As did the Pilgrim fathers cause
To bring long days of peace;
And still the souls within them burn
With freedom's sacred fires,
And should her sway e'er be heard
We'll dare as did our sires,
We'll fling our starry banners forth
To waves of unexplored earth,
For classes shall bind their native land,
Or shame their banner bearers.

Our nation's pressed in sacred blood,
With nature's sacred some,
As dear to every freeman's heart
As they are now to Fame—
Go search the worlds of storied lands
Search, with your watch-fire wide,
In Europe, or in Grecian lands
To match with Washington's!
How gleam the Caesar's glorious coats,
How rests the Spartan's cross
Before the laurel wreath of him,
The first, the best, the wise,
Whose name the pole star of the free—
For ages, ayr, will stand
The unconquered, immortal, hero—
Then the native land!

Philadelphia, Sep. 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

SILENCE.

On hearing the Anthem. "To Earth and on Joys farewell."

BY A. DE SAUR TASE.

That life, so late, has been to me!
Hereupon like and stagnant drives
My soul can never hope for rest,
Till mildly silence—Heaven—
O! welcome then the anthem's swell,
To earthly joys farewell! farewell!

I dream'd so world so fair as this,
Till dreams too soon were gone;
And then, breaking earthly ties,
I turned my thoughts to Heaven.
O! welcome then the anthem's swell,
To earthly joys farewell! farewell!

O! who, the honest, wealth and fame,
Were to obtain,
To earthly joys farewell! farewell!
My spirit longs from this dull clay,
Which oft with woes has striven,
Like wayward bird to wing away,
And wing its flight to Heaven.
O! welcome then the anthem's swell,
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The Portrait.

A Traveller's Story.

Rue—I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what country I was born—I told him, of co good to be: to be laughed and let me go.

As You Like It.

Upon my return from Europe, where many years of the early part of my life had been passed, I visited one of the eastern cities of the United States, with the intention of settling in the neighborhood, if I should find a residence there suited my fancy.

As a youngster, I was most, somewhat given to literature, and perhaps touched with the muses for scribbling, it was not my intention to trouble myself with housekeeping. I wished merely to obtain lodgings at an easy distance from the city, in some small and quiet family, where I could sit uninterrupted in my study when so disposed, or contemplate the beauties of nature, when inclined for a solitary ramble.

There is much beautiful scenery in the vicinity of C——. It has often occurred to me that Americans were strangely indifferent to the beauties of their country. Perhaps it is because nature is seen upon a scale so much larger,—there is such a profusion of grandeur and beauty that those things are hardly observed, which in Europe's ripened plot would be objects of universal admiration. In travelling in Italy, for example, how often are the American frequently seen running in sight of what has been described as a beautiful river, but which in their eye scarcely deserves the name of a brook! Or, as they look upon some mighty stream, which for the scenery of the surrounding country surpass the famous falls of Terni, and the banks of the Tiber! It is true that the banks of the Hudson, and the falls of Niagara, All Italy is unsurpassed grandeur. Its mild climate and its clear sky—as compared with other parts of Europe—dispose to quiet and delightful contemplation. The imagination seems there in unison of the past, and holds communion with the ancient dead. I remember, at Rome. It is, therefore, difficult to those Indian scenery with imperial eyes. To say that I do not compare with America, and that the famous Indian skies upon the ever varying beauty of our own, will be accounted treason.

It was upon one of my excursions, with a friend, in search of lodgings, that a low built country house, a few miles from the city, attracted our attention. There was something in its appearance, overshadowed as it was with leafy vines, which gave it a highly picturesque look—it seemed to be encouraged. I called my companion the name of the owner.

"It formerly belonged," said he, "to old Samuel Moncrieff. I believe he did not build it; but he made extensive alterations in the house, and it was by his direction that the grounds were laid out in the manner you see them. If you please, as the estate is for sale, we will enter and take a walk over the premises."

To this I willingly assented, and having disposed necessary of our horse and gig, we entered the grounds once ceremony.

"There are many curious legends with regard to that estate, some of which are highly ridiculous," said my companion, who was a native of the parish, and consequently well versed in the popular traditions; although at that time he resided in the city.

"What are they?" Let me hear the names of them by all means, I said.

"Some of them are too ridiculous to repeat, but the most of them seem to be connected with old Moncrieff, whom I have mentioned as the former owner and occupant of the place. He was very wealthy, highly prosperous, and lived to a ripe old age, with habits and character abounded itself in mystery, which to the curious people of the neighborhood afforded much exercise for ingenuity and curiosity."

"He must have been a proper subject for gossip," said I,—"rich, a miser, a bachelor, and the owner and occupier of a dwelling like this; which seems a suitable place for mystery and romance. But can you tell me in the first place something of his history."

"Very little is known about him: his secluded habits prevented much of his history being discovered; and here people make up for the want of fact, in the strangeness and number of the stories about him: so that it is difficult to ascertain what is true and what is false."

"Was he an American or a foreigner?"

"He was and he was not an American. As far as could be learned of his origin, he appeared to have been a native of Philadelphia. He was, rather upon the breaking out of the American war, took the part of the Royalists, and fell England with the fortunes of the royal cause. Upon the evacuation of Philadelphia, by the English, in 1778, the family, including Samuel, then very young, took refuge with other loyalists on board of a ship which was to return to England. In progress of time, he returned his share of the family estate, which had been large, but which had been much diminished by the war. With this he sailed for the West Indies, and settled in Jamaica, where he purchased a number of him until he return to the United States and purchase of this estate."

"He showed some patriotism in his return to his native land," said I.

"We might find a motive more congenial to his character, perhaps, in the similar expense of living in this country."

"I see you have imbibed unfavorable impressions of the subject; but you certainly must allow him credit for the choice of such a locality as this, and in the disposition of the grounds."

"He certainly did display a degree of taste and a liberality in the alterations and arrangements here, entirely at variance with his subsequent habits. Some attributed this to female influence."

"How was this? He was not married, I presume. We are not apt to find the tender passion associated with avarice."

"He was a bachelor, but his household consisted of himself, a housekeeper, and a boy named with his own. In Rengne, or in Grecian lands
To match with Washington's!
How gleam the Caesar's glorious coats,
How rests the Spartan's cross
Before the laurel wreath of him,
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"What are they?

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1841.

Acknowledgments.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for the present year, and for the quiet of the time in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now just opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by back balances. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair start* together and see how much we can do for the rats. *We shall continue to issue a quick mail paper.*

☞ W. N. HALDEMAN, Esq., is our authorized agent for the Saturday Evening Post, and Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine at Louisville, Ky.

Our New Type.

Our readers will see that we have purchased a fount of new type, for our first page. We think it a decided improvement. It is fully equal, if not with the very cost liest original story of "This Puzzling Life." With one new dress, and our American Stories, we shall make a clean sweep. Next week we publish another story from Professor DURBRAKER. Look out for it. Our Codex of them has just been opened, and for the present year, we flatter will be the waster of our diamonds.

Punishment of Crime.

The commissioners which have been all this time examined in New York, naturally suggest an enquiry not only into the best mode of prevention, but also into the best mode of punishment of the criminal. Both of these are matters of the utmost importance to the community. Nor is it in any way responsible for an act which does not lie within its province. When, therefore, the Constitution confers on the Legislature the power of prescribing what degree of punishment shall be afforded to any given crime, that Constitution only expects the Legislature to declare what degree of punishment for people which is to meted to certain crimes. The duty of the Legislature is only to fix the scale of punishment. To this the people are held to assent. Their voice is expressed in the decision of their representatives. If the people are not satisfied with the punishment of the legislature, however, they can remedy the evil by changing the Law. If they think hanging too severe a punishment for murder, if they think burglary can be checked by a fine, if they fancy a forger will return on a mere admonition, all the power is in their hands to amend the Code and try the experiment. But so long as the Law remains unchanged, so long is it to be observed. No matter what a man's private opinion is he has no right to violate in any way with the execution of the Law. He should neither resist nor evade it. One man may think a tariff unjust, but should he therefore turn smuggler? Another man may think a National Bank unconstitutional, but ought he to commit forgery on that account? Resistance to Law is revolutionary, whether it come in the guise of philanthropy or treason. The whiskey boys who refused to pay the excise in the early days, and the pilanthropists who shelter criminals from what they choose to think an unjust Law, are alike in moral obliquity. They both disregard the Law. They both make the conscience herself, by violating or evading her enactments. Almost the only right there now is set them, and it is not the right of rebellion. The same reason which justifies conservators at the escape of a criminal, justifies smuggling, forgery, or treason itself.

Let us apply this to the case of murder. A man is indicted for that crime, and a jury is empanelled to try him. Now what is their duty? Their sole or chief duty is to try the cause betwixt the commonwealth and criminal, and a true verdict to give according to the evidence. It matters not to them that the punishment is a religious man, can hesitate as to his duty under such circumstances. His path is plain. He can conscientiously find a true verdict, and the evil will soon be remedied. But to favor a criminal, to screen him from the just retribution which our human laws have provided against one of a conviction, just so long will murder shall like a pestilence through the land. Let anyone think about this. Let them come up to the mark and an eye single to the great ends of justice, and she acting only on the one hand or excitement on the other, let them give a true verdict "according to the evidence."

Horrible Murder.

Much as we deprecate the publication of accounts of murders, there are times when such a course becomes a duty. We are anxious that the public mind, one of the most atrocious murders of which we have for a long time heard.

On Friday week, Mr. Samuel Adams, a highly respectable printer, residing at No. 11 Elizabeth street, of the firm of Southwick & Adams, was found dead in his bed suddenly and atrocious murdered. He was a man of regular habits. He was advertised, but nothing for days heard of him. On the evening of Saturday afternoon, the occupants of the upper stories of the large genuine building, corner of Broadway and Chambers, were disturbed by a terrific cry of murder, and on the room of a tenant named J. C. Colt, the author of a new system of book-keeping.

A gentleman, Mr. Wheeler, teacher of penmanship, occupying a room adjoining Colt's, respecting loud play, looked through the key hole of Colt's door and saw Colt washing the floor. At a late hour, looking again, he saw him similarly occupied. He ordered his young pupils to watch until Colt went out. Colt stayed all night in his room, and was constantly employed. In the morning Colt went out and called a carman, to whom he delivered a box of sufficient size to hold a man, directed to some one in St. Louis, via New Orleans. The young man and the box to follow, but reported the circumstances to his employer.

The gentlemen alluded to some time afterwards seeing the advertisement of the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Adams, made some inquiry and ascertained that Mr. Adams was then stopping (or had previously stopped) at the house of Colt, in consequence of which and of the habit of fellow calling at Colt's rooms. This confirmed his confidence that Colt murder had been done on the Friday night above mentioned; and he communicated the whole circumstances to Mayor Morris. Colt was arrested on Thursday. He denies being in the room on the night in question, and stealing away the box, or knowing anything of it or its contents.

We have since learned some full particulars, and the above statement is somewhat incorrect.

The facts, so far as we can gather, are these:—Mr. Colt is the author of an old new book keeping method, and the brother of the inventor Colt, rather celebrated for his pistols and the destruction of the front of the splendid building corner of Chambers street and Broadway. The room in the building in question was formerly occupied by the latter Chamber street.

On the night of Friday, the 17th inst., the gentleman in question, a man of powerful frame, and known to be of extreme passionate feeling, and habits rather intemperate, was drawing with him, and one of them had fallen. The other, a Mr. Hyde, left the room, and Colt followed him, and commenced a most profound and death-like silence followed. Suspicion was excited, and the room was entered by a party of the inmates of the premises.

On the following morning, a large box was observed by many of the inmates of the genuine building standing in the entry on the floor in the upper part of the building. Suspicion was at first that it was for them, as it was about the length to contain two full sized beds. Observing, however, that it was directed to St. Louis, via New Orleans, they came to the conclusion that it was going for that place, and soon ran it. Other persons in the building, who knew that Colt had taken down the furniture of his room, thought he was leaving. The box was removed between half past 4 and 10 A. M., on Saturday, the 18th.

The gentleman who heard the noise spoken of, thought no more of it until he saw the advertisement of Mr. Adams' disappearance. On mentioning it to another person, a friend said that Mr. Colt was indebted to Mr. Adams. (The sum we are informed is about $1,000.) Suspicion was then excited, and on back-knowing. The room adjoining Colt's room, a glass was found shattered—a hatchet, the handle of which was severed which was broken glass—the end of the handle of the hatchet was covered over with ink.

The floor was also spotted with ink, as we conceive, to conceal or obliterate the marks of blood.—A portion of the floor of the room in which the murder took place, we are informed, was cut out.

The Mayor of the city, the Mayor ordered officers A. M. C. Smith and Weldon on board the vessel, and the box was found, which had been closed, in the course of Saturday afternoon, about one o'clock, the box was found and brought on deck. On opening it, the body of Mr. Adams was found, with his shirt on, which found directly, and rolled tightly with salt, and an awning wrapped round the whole, and the box nailed up. It was conveyed to the police office in the Park, and the Coroner called to hold the inquest. Justice Taylor, of the Upper Police, and Mayor Morris, Chamberlain of the city Kikkerbocker, undertaken in forming out the authors of this horrid murder,) discovered the woman kept by Colt, and in possession of a portion of the wearth of Mr. Adams.

Thus the affair of blood is revealed—and the guilty author known, and justice about to be satisfied.

Much excitement still prevailed in New York at our last accounts, in relation to the extraordinary murder of Mr. Adams. Other matters of interest were of the utmost indifference. He is described as a young man of considerable appearance and address, with a prepossessing countenance, and was known to many of the publishers under the clan. "It is evident," says the Express, "that he was engaged in the dreadful operation of trying to erase the stains of blood, and was using the knife at the last, from the afternoon of Friday until Saturday morning, when he was heard to leave the house. He was then passed the caravan to the ship, and subsequently applied at the office of the shippers and procured a bill of lading, which accompanied the box. He was then seen to leave the vessel, and was told that he was not, when he hastily remarked, that he would return in a few minutes, intimating that he was coming. I hope nothing has happened to him. He has worked for me some time. He was a fine man, and always treated me well."

The New York Herald states that some days before Mr. Adams was murdered, his wife dreamed that she saw her husband murdered, and that his corpse was put into a box, and his clothes thrown into a privy. She awoke and burst into tears; but finding her husband sleeping by her side, she composed herself again, and the next night she dreamed the same thing, and next day related the dream to her mother of it, but finally laughed it off as an idle dream.

Agricultural Exhibition.

The annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, was held on Wednesday and Thursday of the present week, at the Racing Park, Kensington, a few miles from Philadelphia. A large number of persons were present. A marquee was also prepared by the kind of the upper Rising Sun Inn, which was partaken of by almost one hundred members and guests. Nicholas Biddle, Esq. the President of the Society, presided. Toasts were drank and speeches made. The addresses of Mr. Biddle, and Mr. Thompson, of Delaware, were very particularly to the occasion.

The display was very fine, and called forth encomiums from all. Mr. Allen's cattle, the Durham breed, were present, and proved the increased attention which our farmers pay to this subject.

At about 3 o'clock on Thursday the ploughing match took place to a beautiful field to the north of the show, and attracted much attention. Three kinds of ploughs were in competition viz.—The Hazelton Plough, made and owned by Mr. Dickson, of Chesnut Hill; a Priestly Self Sharpening Patent," and one of Miles' Plough." Each of these ploughs did most beautiful work, and each plough is due to the ploughmen.

At about twelve o'clock, the premiums were announced from the stand, by Col. Kendelton Smith, on behalf of the respective committees in premiums. Col. Smith made an address to a front of the Society, and to the public for the good order which had been observed on the ground, and for the assistance and encouragement that Agricultural Societies are calculated to afford in the objects.

The Committee awarded the following

Premiums—Horses.

To Col. E. Wilkinson, for his bay steed "Torpedo," $10
To John Weaver, for his black, fetid and road horse "Andrew Jackson," 5
To Mr. Craven, for his brown mare, out of Tuckahoe, 10
To Mr. Caldwell, for his 2½ years old colt "Tippecanoe," 5
To Col. Charles Alexander, for 1½ year old filley "Bonney Black Bess," 5

Fast Cattle—Over Two Years.

To Mrs. Ketch, for the best thorough bred Durham bull "Bracer," 10
To Dr. George Uhler, for his 2½ years old bull "Sam Slick," 5
To Wm. Webster, for the next best bull "Nicholas the First," 5
To Judge R. T. Potts, for his Devon bull, "Monitor," 5
To Mr. Nicholson, next best bull,
To Mr. John Swinney, best heifer,
To Nicholas Biddle, for his Alderney bull "Stanley," 5
To James Gowan, for his imported cow "Peradise," 5
To Joseph Morris, for his cow "Betsy," Certificate
To Isaac W. Roberts, for his Durham cow "Pearl," 5
To ——Valentin,
To James Gowan, for his Cow "Rose Anna," Certificate
To James Gowan, for his 2 year old Heifer, (not yet produced a calf,) "Cleopatra," Certificate
To Cooper Morris, for "Belle," A Certificate
To Judge R. T. Potts, for his Devon Cow "Isabella," 5
To Charles Maguire for "Cherry," A Certificate
To John Struthers, for his Ayrshire Cow "Helen McGregor," 5
To Dr. Geo. Uhler, for "Ella," A Certificate
To Nicholas Biddle, for his Alderney Cow, "Rose Bet," 5
To A. R. Roberts, for his Cow of common breed, "Queen of Chester," 5
To James Gowan, for "Kitty Clover," A Certificate
To Isaac W. Roberts, for his pasted Sheep, 5
To R. T. Potts, for his ox Steer, A Certificate

Cattle Under Two Years.

To Wm. Robertson, for Durham Bull, "Twinkle," 6
To R. E. Leydt, Durham Bull, "Fortelow,"
To Coleman Fisher, for imported heard Bull, "John," A Certificate
To John Struthers, next best,

To A. S. Roberts, for his Durham Bull Calf, (under one year,) "Penn Durham,"
To James Gowan, for Durham Heifer, under two years old, "Cowley Rat," A Certificate
To James Gowan, for "Lady Lucy," A Certificate
To John Struthers, for "Lady Ann," A Certificate
To John Struthers, 2d best, "Helen,"
To James Gowan, Durham Heifer, "Jenny,"
To Purnell Morris, Durham Heifer, "Jenny Kendle,"

Sheep.

To Henry Newhouse, improved Heifer, "Fanny Elsler," 5
To R. Roberts, for his Sheep,

Sheep.

To John Bradley, for best Merino Buck,
To Purnell Morris, 2d best, A Certificate,
To Abner Hook, short wool Buck,
To Owen Sheridan, 2d best,
To Abner Hook, for 4 short wool Ewes,
To Jacob Shallcross, 4 best Lambs,

Sheep.

To Humphrey Hill, Berkshire Boar under 1 year, $6
To C. Maguire, 2d best, A Certificate,
To Edward Hirst, boar, 1 year, A Certificate,
To H. Hill, 2d best, A Certificate,
To Thomas White, Berkshire sow; over 1 year, $6
To Wm. Fox, 2d best, A Certificate,
To H. Hill, Berkshire sow, under 1 year, $5
To H. Hill, 2d best, A Certificate,
To Wm. Fox, Berkshire Boar,
To J. Hill, 2d best,
To Geo. Uhler, best sow, reared breed, $5
To —— 2d best, A Certificate,

Implements.

To ——— Machine,
To ——— Machine,
To ——— 2d best "Straw Cutter,"
To D. O. Prouty, 2d best,
To George J. Nevaille, "Corn Sheller,"
To D. O. Prouty, 2d best,
To D. O. Prouty, best display of Agricultural Implements,

Seeds.

To A. S. Roberts, for best display of Agricultural Products,
To James Gowan, next best,
To Nicholas Biddle's Farmer, for three pounds butter, from the Alderney cow,

Yeoman College.

This institution, we are glad to perceive, by the following letter from a correspondent, is in a most flourishing condition. The village of Newark is situated on the Baltimore and Washington Railroad, about 12 miles from Wilmington. It is a beautiful village, long since connected to the interests of education. An Academy, established by the Society of Friends, and 11 miles before the Mayor, where he stated that Mr. Colt had employed him to carry a box from his room, corner of Nassau and Chambers streets, to the ship Kikkerbocker, lying at the foot of Maiden Lane, on the morning of the 18th inst, and that he had found it very heavy.

On the evening of the 18th, the Mayor ordered officers A. M. C. Smith and Weldon on board the vessel, and the box, which had been closed, in the course of Saturday afternoon, about one o'clock, the box was found and brought on deck. On opening it, the body of Mr. Adams was found, with his shirt on, which found directly, and rolled tightly with salt, and an awning wrapped round the whole, and the box nailed up. It was conveyed to the police office in the Park, and the Coroner called to hold the inquest. Justice Taylor, of the Upper Police, and Mayor Morris, Chamberlain of the city Kikkerbocker, undertaken in forming out the authors of this horrid murder,) discovered the woman kept by Colt, and in possession of a portion of the wearth of Mr. Adams.

Thus the affair of blood is revealed—and the guilty author known, and justice about to be satisfied.

Much excitement still prevailed in New York at our last accounts, in relation to the extraordinary murder of Mr. Adams. Other matters of interest were of the utmost indifference. He is described as a young man of considerable appearance and address, with a prepossessing countenance, and was known to many of the publishers under the clan. "It is evident," says the Express, "that he was engaged in the dreadful operation of trying to erase the stains of blood, and was using the knife at the last, from the afternoon of Friday until Saturday morning, when he was heard to leave the house. He was then passed the caravan to the ship, and subsequently applied at the office of the shippers and procured a bill of lading, which accompanied the box. He was then seen to leave the vessel, and was told that he was not, when he hastily remarked, that he would return in a few minutes, intimating that he was coming. I hope nothing has happened to him. He has worked for me some time. He was a fine man, and always treated me well."

The New York Herald states that some days before Mr. Adams was murdered, his wife dreamed that she saw her husband murdered, and that his corpse was put into a box, and his clothes thrown into a privy. She awoke and burst into tears; but finding her husband sleeping by her side, she composed herself again, and the next night she dreamed the same thing, and next day related the dream to her mother of it, but finally laughed it off as an idle dream.

Agricultural Exhibition.

The annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society, was held on Wednesday and Thursday of the present week, at the Racing Park, Kensington, a few miles from Philadelphia. A large number of persons were present. A marquee was also prepared by the kind of the upper Rising Sun Inn, which was partaken of by almost one hundred members and guests. Nicholas Biddle, Esq. the President of the Society, presided. Toasts were drank and speeches made. The addresses of Mr. Biddle, and Mr. Thompson, of Delaware, were very particularly to the occasion.

The display was very fine, and called forth encomiums from all. Mr. Allen's cattle, the Durham breed, were present, and proved the increased attention which our farmers pay to this subject.

At about 3 o'clock on Thursday the ploughing match took place to a beautiful field to the north of the show, and attracted much attention. Three kinds of ploughs were in competition viz.—The Hazelton Plough, made and owned by Mr. Dickson, of Chesnut Hill; a Priestly Self Sharpening Patent," and one of Miles' Plough." Each of these ploughs did most beautiful work, and each plough is due to the ploughmen.

At about twelve o'clock, the premiums were announced from the stand, by Col. Kendelton Smith, on behalf of the respective committees in premiums. Col. Smith made an address to a front of the Society, and to the public for the good order which had been observed on the ground, and for the assistance and encouragement that Agricultural Societies are calculated to afford in the objects.

The Committee awarded the following

Premiums—Horses.

To Col. E. Wilkinson, for his bay steed "Torpedo," $10
To John Weaver, for his black, fetid and road horse "Andrew Jackson," 5
To Mr. Craven, for his brown mare, out of Tuckahoe, 10
To Mr. Caldwell, for his 2½ years old colt "Tippecanoe," 5
To Col. Charles Alexander, for 1½ year old filley "Bonney Black Bess," 5

Fast Cattle—Over Two Years.

To Mrs. Ketch, for the best thorough bred Durham bull "Bracer," 10
To Dr. George Uhler, for his 2½ years old bull "Sam Slick," 5
To Wm. Webster, for the next best bull "Nicholas the First," 5
To Judge R. T. Potts, for his Devon bull, "Monitor," 5
To Mr. Nicholson, next best bull,
To Mr. John Swinney, best heifer,
To Nicholas Biddle, for his Alderney bull "Stanley," 5
To James Gowan, for his imported cow "Peradise," 5
To Joseph Morris, for his cow "Betsy," Certificate
To Isaac W. Roberts, for his Durham cow "Pearl," 5
To ——Valentin,
To James Gowan, for his Cow "Rose Anna," Certificate
To James Gowan, for his 2 year old Heifer, (not yet produced a calf,) "Cleopatra," Certificate
To Cooper Morris, for "Belle," A Certificate
To Judge R. T. Potts, for his Devon Cow "Isabella," 5
To Charles Maguire for "Cherry," A Certificate
To John Struthers, for his Ayrshire Cow "Helen McGregor," 5
To Dr. Geo. Uhler, for "Ella," A Certificate
To Nicholas Biddle, for his Alderney Cow, "Rose Bet," 5
To A. S. Roberts, for his Cow of common breed, "Queen of Chester," 5
To James Gowan, for "Kitty Clover," A Certificate
To Isaac W. Roberts, for his pasted Sheep, 5
To R. T. Potts, for his ox Steer, A Certificate

Cattle Under Two Years.

To Wm. Robertson, for Durham Bull, "Twinkle," 6
To R. E. Leydt, Durham Bull, "Fortelow,"
To Coleman Fisher, for imported heard Bull, "John," A Certificate
To John Struthers, next best,

Frontier Excitement.

*Great excitement on the Frontier in consequence of the Patriots having declared their intention to invade Canada—Proclamation of the President—Arrest of Gen. Wool—Arrest of Gen. Scott—Arrest of Gen. Worth—Arrest of Gen. Macomb—Arrest of Gen. Jackson—Arrest of Gen. Harrison—Arrest of Gen. Taylor—Arrest of Gen. Van Buren—Arrest of Gen. Cass—Arrest of Gen. Clay—Arrest of Gen. Webster—Arrest of Gen. Crittenden—Arrest of Gen. Ewing—Arrest of Gen. Corwin—Arrest of Gen. Bell—Arrest of Gen. Granger—Arrest of Gen. Wickliffe—Arrest of Gen. Preston—Arrest of Gen. Botts—Arrest of Gen. Archer—Arrest of Gen. Barbour—Arrest of Gen. Tyler—Arrest of Gen. Fillmore—Arrest of Gen. Mangum—Arrest of Gen. Badger—Arrest of Gen. Graham—Arrest of Gen. Stanly—Arrest of Gen. Morehead—Arrest of Gen. Dawson—Arrest of Gen. Kerr—Arrest of Gen. Gilmer—Arrest of Gen. Rayner—Arrest of Gen. Haywood

SATURDAY POST.

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Notice and Obstacles.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brothers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
1876	shares Girard Bank.	43¾@44
250	do. Vicksburg Bank.	5@5
100	do. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	54@54
75	do. United States Bank.	2@2
10	do. Penn. Mutual Insurance Co.	28@28
30	do. Southern Insurance Co.	28@28
100	do. Girard Bank.	44
50	do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	93
100	do. Girard Bank.	44
18	do. Commercial Bank.	44
50	do. Girard Bank.	44
24	do. Farmers' and Mech. Bk.	97
10	do. Par. & Mechanics Bank.	41@42
50	do. Commercial Bank.	44
8	do. Phenix Insurance Co.	50
4	do. Farmers' and Mech. Bk.	97
6	do. Union Bank, Tenn.	75½
100	do. Bank of Kentucky.	80
5	do. Pennsylvania Bank.	90
1	do. Mr. & Mec. Bank, Phila.	97

General News.

DOMESTIC.—There was a serious row in Baltimore on Friday night, between the Germans, the "United" and "Watchman." The compactus met with close approach of the cannon of the "United" and Baltimore street, where a fierce round between them of the most serious character. The pavement was torn up to some extent, and the fighting was kept up for a long time. The warfare, in addition to which some of the members of the were armed with clubs, pistols, &c. Several of them were discharged and several persons wounded, one, we understand, severely in the neck. In the course of the affray the portion of the Watchman company was rescued and shielded by their opponents, and thus the fight was stopped. The Mayor, on learning of the occurrence, immediately proceeded to the scene

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Happy Hours.

BY L. S. LATHAM.

When we they—those happy hours,
Look'd with every thing that's fair,
With the color of the flowers,
With the shadow of the sun?
And with the golden light o'erhead,
With the golden hue it shone.

As often first I saw the place,
I can trace the scenes both smiling
To their joyous and callow race,
Still the grassplot seems unbending,
Breezy with the weight of bloom,
Like sad laburnum blending,
With the old willow-garden broom;
Still the ivory Miss look heaven
With her paler cousin's smile;
Where are the happy hours
I knew years beneath their shade?

Ah! those hours are turn'd to treasures
Hidden deep the heart within;
Those hours are no deeper pleasures
Than the thought of what has been.
Every pleasure is remembrance,
Is like cutted gold, whose chain
Runs from the stored I remember,
Which becomes a worth and name

Still dark memory adorn!
All that once was ever and fair,
Lake a sort and timeless spot,
Blowing perfect always through the air;
Love a year leaf, doom'd to wither,
But her bud'd ocean chain of thought—
Not a flower by spring brought hither,
But has some memory brought.

Let the lovely moon them perish,
They have left enough behind,
In the feelings that we cherish,
Thoughts that hide't them with the mind
Memory knows of summer's weather,
Almost as it sweet as past.
Yes we have the friends together,
To whom dear ye had to part.

Newspaper Paragraphs.

Nothing earthly lets you into the spirit of a locality like a newspaper. It is a reflex of the public mind; a channel, flitting open to lead down the evanescent images of the day; by these newspapers shall you know them. The comparative illiberality of provincial places, for with respect to them be it spoken, in comparison with London, the largest provincial place is little enough, is admirably shown by the miscellaneous matter of these provincial journals.

Take a specimen—

"On yesterday, about two o'clock in the morning, an unlawful town was thrown into a state of inexpressible confusion by the alarm of fire, proceeding from the rear of Farmer Hodge's stackyard.

"On our reporter gaining the scene of action, smoke was observed issuing in great quantities from the farm-yard; the town engine was sent for, but the fire escaped, but only by the help of the engine-house having been lost, much loss of time was the result; where at last the engine arrived, it was found to be totally useless, having been neglected to be repaired under the late Tory corporation, as might have been expected.

"With much difficulty, entrance was effected into the stackyard, nobody for a considerable time choosing to volunteer so dangerous a service; when, however, a minute examination was made, it was discovered that the smoke emanated from the burning copper of Farmer Hodge. Those who super intended the operation, by name John Brown, being good blood-stock to boil, having fed the pigs that morning.

"A troop of dragoons having now arrived, the populace quietly dispersed, and the military having left breakfast, and a vote of thanks from the mayor and corporation, returned to their quarters.

"For an account of the jobbing sheet the fire engine in the 'good old times,' we refer our readers to our leading article of next week.

"We are informed that, in consequence of the exhibition occurrence, Dr. Duncombe Jessop, LL. D. F. ASS. HUM. SCIE. who is here lecturing this evening at the Lyceum on

THE MECHANISM OF CASTLE KITE,

has kindly consented to change his subject to

ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS,

which he will illustrate by setting fire to, and incinerating a dongbill. Admittance, three-pence."

Nothing of interest like this can be existed by a few in London.

Suicide.

In some parts of the Roman empire the usage was to take the power of granting or refusing permission to commit suicide. If the desire was to appear the applicant, and he persisted in his purpose, the best was buried with ceremonies of an unsult and humiliation. In a later period, the laws of Justinian made a distinction between the murderer of other's weary of life, and that of those who, being in the hands of justice, sought in this consequence by self-murder. If the crime was one, the annotation of which would have been attended with confiscation of property, the fact of self-murder was regarded as equivalent to a confession of the offence charged, and the property of the deceased became forfeited to the state. If, however, the bores were exposed to disgrace the informers, and as a right to have the cause tried, as if the deceased were still under it. In the Roman law, a person who committed suicide between the custody of a soldier and a private citizen. If a soldier attempted suicide, he was tried, and if convicted, punished with death. Insanity, or great annoyance by melancholy and sorrow, was the only defence that could avail him. and even under this defence of insanity, he was dismissed the service with disgrace. It would seem, however, from the distinction made between the soldier and the citizen, that there was something of a recognised right in the latter case, at least, that society felt its power unequal to deal with the evil. The laws of Thebes deprived the suicide of funeral rites. In Athens, the hand of the self-murderer was cut off from the body, and buried apart from it. The land, said they, must have a framer to the body." The suicide was classed "with the public or private enemy," with the traitor or conqueror against his country; with tyrannal; the sacrilegious wretch, and such grievous offenders whose punishment was augmented after on a cross."

AN ELEPHANT MASTERED FOR THE DEAD.—When Van Amburgh's menee shifted from place to place, the large elephant is made to travel on foot, in the night, under the guidance of four fine Indians, men of larger complexions in white dresses, three of whom ride on the animal's back, and one on his tusks. One night last week, as they were passing over Worksop Forest, they came to a small half-bar which was closed, whereupon one of them called "Gee!" when out came the bill-keeper in his night-cap to the call; but, on observing the strange and unusual spectacle which presented itself to his drowsy eyes, instead of opening the gate, he was so terrified that he ran back into the house, exclaiming, "Lord bless me! and I had fainted away. So terrified was the poor man, that for several days he was so ill as to be confined to his bed.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN ENGLAND.—A gentleman of the "old school" recently published the following from a native tradesman. It is cupied notwithstanding of discussion, for the benefit of the student foreign critics who once asked, "Who reside an American book."

Mr. Dry to Jno Smith.

Anon,	£	d.
Arithmeticorum,	0	6
	0	6
	0	0

An American schoolmaster would probably give this beautiful English phrase the following translation: "An ass," "asaism on hon honor"—Oh, Edinburgh! Oh, Gilford! Oh, O. Dy!

WAITING ON LONGER.—Don't wait you say longer," and an employer to a tall clerk. "I am very sorry for it, sir, I thought I gave you full satisfaction." "If you do not let me know that you say longer." "What have I done, sir?" "Done! why you lay'st down your pen, and I'm not to say you'll be so long as a May pole!"

FRIEND SIMPLEX.—"You are the most handsome lady I ever saw," said a gentleman to the toast of his set.

"I wish that I could say so much for you," replied the lady.

"You could, Madam, if you paid as little regard to the truth as I have."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.—John Randolph, in the midst of one of his quaint eloquence in the Senate of the United States, paused, and fixing his eyes on the presiding officer, exclaimed, Mr. President, I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It consists in those four plain English monosyllables, "*Pay as you go.*"

COURTING.—"Ma, ain't Joe Smith a courtin' our Molley?"

"No; what makes you think so?"

"Why, 'cause he don't come in rooms near his saw nother night he took a chair and put it a-top o' mine."

"There, Alley, go and bring in some chips."

MORE RESEMBLANCE.—Instead of saying a new man or his own book, the printer is more fortunately reminded by saying he progresses on his personal curse.

LEARN TO MAKE BREAD.—That is a law among the Arabs that promises a man to discuss any of the four wives divorced, if he can make good bread.

ADVICE TO READERS.—Let no rich gods make common men, and industrious poor gain make poor men rich.

American Monthlies.

From Graham's Magazine, for October.

The Reefer of '76.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

Jon Rounse Richard.

The time sped sternly away in *la belle France*, and another year found me midshipman in part. In fact, when our craft came to be surveyed, it was found that her keel was so much out of true as to render one for us to put to see in her, until she had been thoroughly repaired; and this was the work of many. Having but little to do, and finding society drawn freely open to them, the officers spent most of their time in the interchange of hospitalities and their allible entertainments. There was beside a good number of French naval officers in the place, and many a wild meeting took place between our men and them. At length, however, I tired of this, and hearing that Paul Jones was in Paris, I set off for the capital.

That singular individual was, at this time, engaged in fitting out the Bon Homme Richard and her accompanying squadron, preparatory to a cruise off the English coasts. He was all enthusiasm at the success of the expedition, but found great difficulty in procuring a fitting crew. He received one tuesday, coming on to me, and asked me bluntly if I would like to go with him. I was then a little on her weather quarter. With chagrin, we were obliged to decline the offer, as we had received an intimation as well understood among our men, that we would not be allowed to go with him, for the reason that the vessel was not ready, and that the latter was not to